

W. P. WALTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

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WHISKIES,

WINES, BRANDIES,

GINS, TOBACCO, CIGARS

—AT—

Wholesale and Retail.

S. B. Matheny,

DEPOT STREET,

STANFORD. - KENTUCKY.

S. T. NEWKIRK

THE FASHIONABLE HATTER,

136 West Market Street,

Between 4th and 5th, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gents' Furs,

Canes, Umbrellas & Gloves.

1864

THE

CRAB ORCHARD HOTEL,

Crab Orchard, Kentucky,

W. G. SAUNDERS. - - - Proprietor.

Accommodations Unexcelled.

E X C E L L E N T B A R.

No. 1 LIVERY STABLE

Connected with the Hotel.

1864

THE

CARPENTER HOUSE,

E. M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

Opposite Depot, Stanford, Ky.

FARE UNSURPASSED.

All Accommodations First-Class.

THE "STAR SALOON,"

Run in connection with the House

The Best in the City.

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HENRY HUSSING,

Late of Louisville,

(Successor to F. G. Brady),

Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker,

Lancaster street, Stanford, Ky.

Women's Ready-Made Work on Hands.

Price Low Call and Inspect my Work.

6-6 m.

STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE,

STANFORD, KY.

—THE—

SIXTH SESSION

OF THE

INSTITUTION

WILL OPEN ON THE

Second Monday in September Next,

With a full corps of efficient teachers.

Besides the usual English Branches, Ancient and Modern Languages,

MUSIC.

DRAWING

AND PAINTING

are taught with success.

For full particulars address

Mrs. S. C. TRUEHEART.

READ THIS!

E. A. TERRHUNE,

CABINET MAKER

—AND—

UNDERTAKER,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Stan-

ford that I am a cabinet maker and am prepared to do all kinds of work in his line at most reasonable rates. Undertaking a specialty. I have a large stock of materials for the manufacture of cases and caskets. Plain, cheap coffins made to order on short notice. He keeps

A NEAT HEARSE,

and is prepared to attend funerals at all hours.—Shop on Depot Street, above Commercial Hotel.

1864

WANTED.

TO AGENTS!

I desire to employ Agents to canvas for the

Singer Sewing Machine.

Good territory will be given, real odds furnished, and a business that will pay, offered real live energetic men. Apply at my office, up-stairs, over the Vandamille Building, Stanford, Ky.

1864

A. C. SNOW, District Agent.

J. H. ARNOLD,

WITH

M'Alpin, Polk & Co.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Dry Goods and Notions!

James W. McAlpin,

James E. Polk,

H. S. Bowman,

J. W. Stinson.

1864

Cincinnati.

Cincinnati.

1864

NEW YORK—No. 81 Walker Street.

1864

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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1875.

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LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI

SHORT LINE RAILROAD

FOR

CINCINNATI AND THE EAST!

THE quickest, best and Only Route running

Sleeping Cars from Louisville to

Columbus, Ohio, Pittsburg, Harrisburg,

Philadelphia,

NEW YORK,

And Other Eastern Cities,

WITHOUT CHANGE.

The only Line with which passengers from the South make direct connections at the city, where

they can be served with an excellent meal at Rader's Dining Hall at all hours.

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 15, 1875.

W. P. Walton, Editor and Proprietor.
T. R. Walton, Jr., Business Manager.

Ohio Election.

The defeat of Allen in Ohio by a combination of all parties, aided by the money power of the North, and the banks and bankers of the whole country, is really not much of a surprise to any one. It was an unequal conflict. On the one side was arrayed the true members of the Democratic party, who were fighting a battle for the poor laboring men, while on the other side the "bloated bond-holders" with their teeming millions, the wealthy nabobs of the land, aided by all the money kings of the land, were struggling to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. It was a fight of capital against labor—and they have won. In no sense can it be called a Radical victory, because that party had the help or many hundreds of Democrats who voted with them solely on the ground of "expediency," and because they disagreed with their party on the currency question. This was a most unfortunate issue. The Ohio Democracy acted unwisely in putting such a plank in their platform. A State Convention was not the proper accession for it. It should have been left to the coming National Convention for action. The Radicals moreover, were greatly aided by Mr. Schurz, a Liberal, who is not a Republican. Thousands of Germans voted with them because he, Schurz, told them to do it, but no one will deny that more than half of the Germans who voted that way, are Democrats who would vote for a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The result in Ohio proves that in 1876, we are to have new issues. Old things are passing away, and, behold, new things are taking their place. The old party lines are fast being obliterated, and there will be new parties formed for the contest in the near future. Whatever may be done, we trust, yet with considerable misgivings and fears, that such principles will prevail as to give the greatest good to the greatest number.

National Cemeteries.

We conversed with Mr. J. W. Angus, the contractor who has the building of five of the National Cemeteries, the other day. One of them is located at Mill Springs, one at Camp Nelson, Petersburg Landing, and two at other points. They will all be finished in the course of a few weeks. They are built of brick and stone, have six rooms each, and cellars, are of modern architecture and are models of comfort and convenience—and cost \$4,600 each, all being built alike. There is an acre of ground attached to the house, and from ten to twenty acres for Cemetery purposes, enclosed with a neat stone fence about 4 and a half feet high. Each grave is to have a marble slab, with the name of the person buried, when known. This sexton house is occupied by a wounded or crippled Union soldier, generally, who receives \$75 per month, and house rent free, and is also furnished with a mule, cart, and driver, free. It is his duty to keep the Cemetery and ground neatly set in grass and mowed off every month in the growing season. This is a fat position for the Sexton, and all the money to build and keep them up perpetually, comes out of the pockets of a sorely taxed people.

Mr. Angus says there are about 3,000 graves at Mill Springs. The sum required to buy that number of marble slabs, engraved, and shipped and placed, would build a neat school house in half of the counties in the State. We consider it a foolish expenditure of the people's money, by the Radical party. We are not opposed to having a neat Cemetery, enclosed with a stone fence, and having it kept clear of filth, but build those houses and keep a Sexton and assistant there perpetually, at a cost of at least \$4,000 per year, is needless extravagance. No one can go further than we to honor our dead soldiers upon both sides; but we oppose giving them more than we do our own other dead or our living friends. Thousands of soldiers of the Union Army lie scattered over all the states, in unmarked and unhonored graves. Why should they receive less attention than the others. Thousands of Confederate soldiers are gathered in other places, but no public "National Cemetery" is kept up; and the Southern people are compelled to aid perpetually in the support of these National burial grounds, to the neglect of their own dead. Is this right, is it just, is it equitable? Let the unbiased part of the public judge. Even though it were true—that no discrimination was made in gathering up the dead of the two armies, and placing these things around them alike, still the useless expenditure should be condemned. Where sleep the dead of Mexico and those who fell on other battle fields? It is a "new departure," this building of National Cemeteries. We trust that when the Democratic party comes into power, a law will be passed compelling these Sextons to pay a proper rental for the use of the house and grounds, and that their salary will not be given. Retrenchment and reform should be the aim of our government, and not extravagance and corruption.

INSURANCE FRAUDS.—A prominent London insurance journal condemns in severe terms the practice of many English fire and life insurance companies of stating their assets to be greater than they really are, by adding their "authorized capital" to the sum of their "paid up" capital, thus virtually perpetrating a fraud upon the public. Moreover, they add the sum of their life company assets to that of the fire department, thus impressing the public with the belief that their assets are greater than they really are, which is a fraud likewise. The London journal referred to cites several companies as examples—one of which is in Canada. It asserts that a noted London company authorizes its agents in this country and in England to put out signs over their agencies over which is printed in large, bright letters—"Assets, \$10,000,000, Gold," when in fact the true sum of its assets is less than one-fourth that amount. The capital of the life department cannot be touched to pay any loss by fire in the fire department, and vice versa, and to add the capital of the two in making out their annual statement, as if it represented only the capital of one, is a direct fraud upon the public. The paper making the above statements says the practice is wrong and that it is the duty of the press everywhere to expose and ventilate the fraud, and that a stop may be put to it.

MR. ISAAC CALDWELL, a Louisville man, has been spoken of as a candidate for the U. S. Senate. There are now about six aspirants for the place. We heard a well-known Democratic politician of Washington City say that the Legislature of Kentucky would commit a serious blunder and omit an obvious duty by failing to send Hon. James B. Beck to the Senate; and gave as his reasons that Mr. Beck is regarded at the Capital as the best posted politician in the State, and understood all the frauds of the Radicals and how to circumvent them, that the Radical leaders feared and respected him, but they had rather see any other of the six aspirants in the seat, on account of their lack of such information as would expose their nefarious designs.

THE great grape vine of Santa Barbara, California, having become in a decaying condition, has been taken up and made into sections and will be shipped to the Centennial for exhibition. It is the largest vine in the world, and has borne, for sixty years, several thousand pounds of fruit of the Mission variety annually. When packed it will weigh several tons. It is forty inches in circumference, three feet from the ground, and when in full bearing the branches covered ten thousand square feet. California beats the world for big trees, big vines, and big banks.

OUT of 300 men whom Stanley took with him into the wilds of Africa, 154 died of the disease which prevailed there at the time. He is a brave explorer, and it is hoped that he will survive to tell the tale of his explorations. During his journey into the interior, he had to fight his way step by step in some parts, but always came out victorious. It is to be hoped that this expedition, undertaken under so many difficulties and dangers, will be sufficiently successful to enable the bold hero to add much to the geography of the country.

WE learn that Andy Conn shot John Arnold on Monday last, at Ed. Todd's grocery, in Madison county. It is said that Conn shot Arnold because Arnold slapped an old man named Smith in the face. This is all we can learn in the case. It is said that this is the third man that Conn has shot. We have heard of no arrests, so far. It is a little strange that Conn can go on in his killing—from time to time—and yet escape punishment. The blood of his victims cry out from the ground, for his punishment.

ON his trip from Denver westward, the special train which was carrying Pres. Grant and his party ran at the rate of 45 miles per hour. The superintendent thought the speed was too great for safety, and desired the train to slacken its run, but Grant would not consent to it. Perhaps, in view of the fact that he is a "dead duck" on the third term question, he wanted to commit suicide. That superintendent ought to have increased the speed rather than slacken it.

IOWA AND NEBRASKA.—These two States held elections on Tuesday last, and went very decidedly Radical, there being a majority of about 35,000 in Iowa, and 10,000 in Nebraska. No one will wonder at this result. They have been hot beds of Radicalism all the time; peoples as they are by those who were raised in fanatical New England. The currency question did not cut any figure in either State, as both parties were in favor of hard money.

PROF. TICE has guessed correctly again. He predicted severe frost about the 9th to 13th of this month. It was so cold on Monday night last that milk froze over the surface in these parts, which is an extraordinary occurrence at this time of year.

THE President of a colored fair association in Montgomery county got all the funds which were taken in at their recent exhibition and departed "where the woodbine twineth."

REVIVALS.—Moody and Sankey—the well-known revivalists, who started England, Ireland and Scotland by their efforts in behalf of the Christian religion, have concluded to begin a work in this country, with the hope of doing some good. Chicago, New York Brooklyn, and other cities, have offered to furnish them with commodious houses in which to hold their meetings. It is to be hoped that wherever they may go, the people will give them audience.

THE Huntington bank robber who was arrested in Fentress county, Tenn., recently, was taken back to Huntington and lodged in jail. The question yet remains an open one as to who the robbers really are. The matter is being discussed in Missouri and in this State, but no conclusion has been arrived at, certainly. The idea of resurrecting the dead one at Pine Hill, for the purpose of identifying him, is quite absurd.

THE Patrons of Husbandry are making extensive preparations to be represented at the Philadelphia Centennial. A sixty acre tract of land will be provided a short distance from the city on a railroad, and it will be supplied with booths, tents, etc., and this exhibition of the farming interests of our country will prove to be one of the most attractive of the great exposition.

SUCH was the strain of work upon the engineer who "drove" the first fast mail train from New York to Chicago, that he fainted immediately upon stopping the train at its destination. For over 200 miles the train did not make a stop, running at the rate of forty-one miles an hour, and taking in the mail as it ran, by means of a contrivance invented for that purpose.

MR. JOHN CURRY MILLER, author of a "National" song titled "Grand Columbia," is certainly the coming Bard. "Hail Columbia," will be no where, comparatively. It is said that someone or more, perhaps, of our members of Congress will introduce a resolution of thanks to Mr. Miller for his magnificent poetical production. It should be done by all means.

THE Grand Lodge of Good Templars in Kentucky met in Louisville, last Tuesday. There was a large delegation of members on the first day. Rev. Green Clay Smith, of Frankfort, one of the most earnest workers in the cause, was not able to be present, on account of sickness, although he had gone to Louisville to aid in the meeting.

THE sufferers by the great flood at Indiana, Texas, have been fully provided for by a generous public from all parts of the country, and the relief committee reports that no further aid is required, and heartfelt thanks are tendered all of the general donors. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

THE tobacco planters in Southern Kentucky, through the influence of the Grangers, have decided that they will, hereafter, demand \$3 pay for each tobacco hogshead, and pay for the ten pounds of tobacco taken from them as a sample by the warehouse inspectors. This is precisely right.

ALBERT FINK, for eighteen years connected with the L. & N. R. R.—since his resignation of the position has accepted the General Agency of an Association of Southern railroads. We learn this from the *Courier-Journal*.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is said to be very sick at Augusta, Georgia—and hence cannot deliver the two speeches which he promised to make at Chicago, Illinois, during the Fall and Winter months.

THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH, the only grandson of Thomas Jefferson, died at his home in Charlottesville, Va., on Thursday last, in the 80th year of his age.

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BANK REPORTS.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE NATIONAL BANK!

OF STANFORD.

At Stanford, in the State of Kentucky, at Close of Business October 1, 1875.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....	\$10,000 34
Overdrafts.....	100,000 00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	100,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages.....	100,000 00
Due from State Banks.....	11,475 15
Due from other National Banks.....	123 50
Due from State Banks and bankers.....	1,215 68
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	2,112 35
Checks and other items.....	397 44
Fractional currency, including nickels.....	1,000 00
Specs (including gold Treasury notes).....	167 52
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation).....	4,500 00
Total.....	\$101,825 41

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$10,000 00
Surplus Fund.....	30,000 00
Other undivided profits.....	10 00
Nat. Bank notes outstanding.....	90,000 00
Individual Deposits subject to check.....	57,455 45
Due from Nat. Banks.....	1,215 68
Due from other National Banks.....	23 39
Due to State Banks and bankers.....	134 00
Total.....	\$101,825 41

STATE OF KENTUCKY, County of Lincoln.

J. Jno. J. McRoberts, Cashier of above named bank, distinctly swears that the above statement is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of Oct. 1875.

JOHN J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

J. W. MCGINNIS, Director.

J. S. MURPHY, Director.

H. C. MITCHELL, Director.

Formerly with Ripy, Hardie & Co., is now connected with the firm of

Thomas, Major & Pierce.

WHOLESALE LIQUORS!

LOUISVILLE, KY.

172-6m

O. P. TOWNSLEY,

—WITH—

JOS. TROUTNSTINE, ABRAHAM TROUTNSTINE, HENRY HESS, J. W. HARPER.

A. & J. TROUTNSTINE & CO., IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

Foreign & Domestic Woolens,

—AND—

Wholesale Clothiers,

No. 83 and 85 West Third Street,

139-11 CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. E. PORTMAN, J. B. OWENS.

NEW

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE!

IN STANFORD, KY.

PORTMAN & OWENS,

PROPRIETORS.

Have opened in connection with the Myers House a First-Class Livery and Sale Stable, and have for hire polite drivers, safe horses, now and fashionable vehicles, making the most

FANCY TURNOUTS

ever kept in Central Kentucky.

A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

178-11

RAILROADS.

LOUISVILLE,

Paducah & South-Western

RAILROAD.

Train leaves Louisville at 8:30 a. m.

Garrison Springs Arrive. 12:25 p. m.

Owensboro Junction 2:30 p. m.

Mornouville 5:05 p. m.

Paducah 6:00 p. m.

FOURTY YEARS AGO.

By SEPTIMUS SAMPLAUX.

How wondrous are the changes, Jim,
Since forty years ago.
When men wore long dresses, Jim
And boys were pasty.
When shoes were made of calfskin
And socks of homespun wool,
And children did a half-day's work
Before the hour of school.

The girls took music lessons, Jim,
To learn to sing and play,
And painted hats and earls, Jim
On spindles, swift, and red;

The boys would ride horse-back to mill
A dozen miles or so,

And burry off before twas day,
Some forty years ago.

The girls were to the meeting, Jim,
In skirts instead of slacks,

And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
As buggies now-a-days.

And men answered well for tems,
Though they were not to be too slow,

For you lived not but to fast,

Some forty years ago.

O, well do I remember, Jim,
The Wilson patent stove,

That father bought and paid for, Jim,

In cloth his old gods had worn;

And how the news came in,

What was the time the to go,

They said 'would last and kill us all,'

Some forty years ago.

Yes, everything is different, Jim,
From what it used to be.

For men are always tampering, Jim,
With God's great natural laws;

And who can tell what is coming to

Anybody know?

For everything has changed so much,

Since forty years ago.

LOST IN THE SEWERS.

(Brooklyn Sun.)
Wishing to note the things below the surface of the earth, we entered Hudson sewer, the other evening.

A cousin from the country, who had previously been taken over the proposed route, agreed to open the man-hole corner of DeKalb avenue. On entering the sewer, which is the largest in the city, I found the slush, which was backed in by the tide, up to my arm pits. Being clothed in a rubber suit, this did not affect me, any more than making walking laborious. By the light of a small bull's eye lantern, I was enabled to see about thirty feet ahead. The sewer is large enough to drive a buggy through, being about eight feet deep, and seven wide. The bottom of the sewer is covered with a greasy substance, which made it difficult for me to keep my feet. I had nearly got to the nearer approach when I saw it was a bag made of calico, and upon opening it I found a ring a wash chain and eleven spoons, the spoons were silver, and on each were engraved the letter H.

After a few minutes' search I recovered my watch. I raised it and was about to cast the rays of the lantern on it, when in the distance I observed something that made my heart jump. I mechanically rubbed my eyes. I could hardly believe my senses that I saw light.

I did not mistake; on nearer approach I saw two men working in the sewer and the gray light falling upon them. When they heard my foot-steps they raised their heads, and I could see the look of wonderment upon their faces. When I approached to within a few yards of them they dropped their tools and fled, shouting through the sewer as if they had seen a ghost. When I arrived under the opening a man was lowering a bucket; when he saw me he let the rope slip from his grasp and jumped back, the falling bucket struck me in the head inflicting a severe wound. Gaining courage, the man peeped over the edge of the man-hole. I told him who I was, he called out. When I reached the open air I fainted. After rejoicing the workmen to say nothing about my adventure, I was taken home in a buggy. When I saw my companion he stared at me as if I had arisen from the dead.

He, although he had been shown the place, mistook the corner where he was to let me out, and opened a man-hole corner of Hudson avenue and Fulton. He would have done me as much good if he had opened one in Jersey City. There he watched and waited for me until morning.

I was cogitating upon things of the upper world, when I felt something large strike my knee. I reached down and raised it. Horror of horrors; it was the body of a man. Involuntarily I allowed it to fall from my grasp.

Curiosity getting the better of me I again raised it. The body must have been in the water some time, as putrefaction had set in. The body was dressed in a gray frock coat, white vest, and black cassimere pants; the shoes and hat were gone. The man looked to have been forty-five years of age, as near as I could make out by the light of the lantern, his hair and luxuriant whiskers were sunburn colored. In the upper pocket of his vest was an envelope containing a short note written in French, which is being translated read:

LOUISE.—It could not have been otherwise. Without your life was unendurable. If God forgives those who do away with themselves, I shall meet you in heaven. Loved one, when this reaches you, I shall be food for the fisherman.

Your friend who loves you better than life. GUSTAVE MEROUX.

While I was deciphering the writing the body floated down towards the river. I looked for it, intending to put the letter back, so that when the body would be picked up, it might establish his identity. The man had committed suicide, and the tide, which reaches as far as Myrtle avenue, had washed it in here.

Such a sight was not apt to lend courage to one enclosed by brick walls forty feet below the surface of the earth.

The tide going out, carrying with it the slush and filth, made the walking easy.

On reaching the corner of Myrtle avenue I saw a horde of rats. I shouted, but they were as unconcerned as if a visitor was an everyday occurrence; they were the largest rats I had ever seen, dark brown fellows with white breasts and very long tails. I carried a hickory stick in my hand, and with this I charged them; instead of running away, they ran at me; one big fellow tried to bite my leg but he could not make any impression because of my heavy boots.

I drew my pocket pistol, a small Smith & Wesson, and fired amongst them. If a one hundred thousand charge of blasting powder was fired, it would not make a greater sound than my pistol did in the sewer. The rats scampered off, and I was as much frightened as they. When I reached, as I thought, the corner of De Kalb avenue, the man-hole was not open. Could it be that my friend had deserted me, or lost his way? My watch denoted half past twelve, a full hour and a half since I had left the corner of Plymouth street. I stood there for a few moments, but the man-hole still remained closed. While standing there I heard the sound of voices. My heart fluttered. I thought it was Bob come to let me out. The voices seemed nearer. Looking to my right, I am sure I saw two men walking in the sewer, one of them carrying a small stable lantern.

I turned the shade of my lantern and crept toward them. Before I had gone ten yards they had vanished.

Thinking they had turned down a side sewer I quickened my pace to where I had seen them standing. When I reached them I observed a ray of light, seemingly from above. As I looked upward I caught a second's glimpse of the star-studded heavens, then the sphere of iron fell into its place and I was again shut off from the world. I again took up my post and awaited the coming of my friend. One, two, three o'clock, and no Bob. I then thought perhaps I might find an opening, and I again started through the sewers. I turned to my right and walked a few blocks. At one corner, as I was passing a flood of dirty water was ejected from house-pipe, striking me in the face. I was tired and sick, my body was bathed in perspiration, and it was with difficulty I made my way. I almost wished it would rain and put an end to my tortures.

I had lost my bottle of ammonia, and

the terrible stench arising from the mucous stream had given me a violent headache. I knew that during a heavy rain the sewers were filled to the top. Drowning was preferable to the torture I was undergoing.

On my left was a large sewer, the one in which I stood from this point growing narrow. I entered the one on my left. It must have been daylight, my watch had stopped and I was unable to judge the time. Several of the small house connections were pouring their contents into the sewer, and I knew the people must be up and stirring. My attention was attracted by a combat that seemed to rage among the rats, about one hundred yards ahead. The water in the sewer here was not over a few inches deep. Going to where the rats had gathered I beheld a large Angora cat, probably thrown in the sewer by mischievous boys. The rats, numerous many hundreds, some of them larger than the cat, had attacked her. A few piteous moans and all was over. In less than the twinkling of an eye the body was devoured.

What would be my fate if I did not soon find an outlet? It made my flesh creep to think of it. These rats, unlike the others, scampered off. I had walked but a few steps, when casting the rays of my lantern over the sides of my brick prison, I saw a number of rats fighting over a white object. On nearer approaching I saw it was a babe, likely a child of sin, cast into the sewer by its guilty mother. The flesh was torn off by the voracious rodents, nothing left but some skin on its forehead. The rats that were feasting on the corpse attacked me. One large fellow jumped from a small pipe at my head; he struck me in the face, scratching me about the eyes. Another ran up my boots and sunk his teeth in my wrist. I discharged my pistol and scared them off. I took off my coat and vest and carried them on my arm. My watch dropped out, and when I commenced feeling for it my hand came in contact with something. Lifting the object I saw it was a bag made of calico, and upon opening it I found a wash chain and eleven spoons, the spoons were silver, and on each were engraved the letter H.

After a few minutes' search I recovered my watch. I raised it and was about to cast the rays of the lantern on it, when in the distance I observed something that made my heart jump. I mechanically rubbed my eyes. I could hardly believe my senses that I saw light.

I saw two men working in the sewer and the gray light falling upon them. When they heard my foot-steps they raised their heads, and I could see the look of wonderment upon their faces. When I approached to within a few yards of them they dropped their tools and fled, shouting through the sewer as if they had seen a ghost. When I arrived under the opening a man was lowering a bucket; when he saw me he let the rope slip from his grasp and jumped back, the falling bucket struck me in the head inflicting a severe wound. Gaining courage, the man peeped over the edge of the man-hole. I told him who I was, he called out. When I reached the open air I fainted. After rejoicing the workmen to say nothing about my adventure, I was taken home in a buggy. When I saw my companion he stared at me as if I had arisen from the dead.

He, although he had been shown the place, mistook the corner where he was to let me out, and opened a man-hole corner of Hudson avenue and Fulton. He would have done me as much good if he had opened one in Jersey City. There he watched and waited for me until morning.

I was cogitating upon things of the upper world, when I felt something large strike my knee. I reached down and raised it. Horror of horrors; it was the body of a man. Involuntarily I allowed it to fall from my grasp.

Curiosity getting the better of me I again raised it. The body must have been in the water some time, as putrefaction had set in. The body was dressed in a gray frock coat, white vest, and black cassimere pants; the shoes and hat were gone. The man looked to have been forty-five years of age, as near as I could make out by the light of the lantern, his hair and luxuriant whiskers were sunburn colored. In the upper pocket of his vest was an envelope containing a short note written in French, which is being translated read:

LOUISE.—It could not have been otherwise. Without your life was unendurable. If God forgives those who do away with themselves, I shall meet you in heaven. Loved one, when this reaches you, I shall be food for the fisherman.

Your friend who loves you better than life. GUSTAVE MEROUX.

While I was deciphering the writing the body floated down towards the river. I looked for it, intending to put the letter back, so that when the body would be picked up, it might establish his identity.

The man had committed suicide, and the tide, which reaches as far as Myrtle avenue, had washed it in here.

Such a sight was not apt to lend courage to one enclosed by brick walls forty feet below the surface of the earth.

The tide going out, carrying with it the slush and filth, made the walking easy.

On reaching the corner of Myrtle avenue I saw a horde of rats. I shouted, but they were as unconcerned as if a visitor was an everyday occurrence; they were the largest rats I had ever seen, dark brown fellows with white breasts and very long tails. I carried a hickory stick in my hand, and with this I charged them; instead of running away, they ran at me; one big fellow tried to bite my leg but he could not make any impression because of my heavy boots.

I drew my pocket pistol, a small Smith & Wesson, and fired amongst them. If a one hundred thousand charge of blasting powder was fired, it would not make a greater sound than my pistol did in the sewer. The rats scampered off, and I was as much frightened as they. When I reached, as I thought, the corner of De Kalb avenue, the man-hole was not open. Could it be that my friend had deserted me, or lost his way? My watch denoted half past twelve, a full hour and a half since I had left the corner of Plymouth street. I stood there for a few moments, but the man-hole still remained closed. While standing there I heard the sound of voices. My heart fluttered. I thought it was Bob come to let me out. The voices seemed nearer. Looking to my right, I am sure I saw two men walking in the sewer, one of them carrying a small stable lantern.

I turned the shade of my lantern and crept toward them. Before I had gone ten yards they had vanished.

Thinking they had turned down a side sewer I quickened my pace to where I had seen them standing. When I reached them I observed a ray of light, seemingly from above. As I looked upward I caught a second's glimpse of the star-studded heavens, then the sphere of iron fell into its place and I was again shut off from the world. I again took up my post and awaited the coming of my friend. One, two, three o'clock, and no Bob. I then thought perhaps I might find an opening, and I again started through the sewers. I turned to my right and walked a few blocks. At one corner, as I was passing a flood of dirty water was ejected from house-pipe, striking me in the face. I was tired and sick, my body was bathed in perspiration, and it was with difficulty I made my way. I almost wished it would rain and put an end to my tortures.

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